

THE NATIVE AMERICAN.

In our last we promised to publish the communication of "A Democrat" as soon as possible: we now fulfil that promise, having given, in advance, our cordial greetings to its author.

[COMMUNICATED.]

Messrs. Editors: Sirs, I have long been desirous of presenting you a few of my vague reflections, on the great cause of Native rights in the United States, and as my language may approximate in some sort to the tone of remonstrance, I must entreat you to bear with me, and attribute it solely to my love for the sacred principles, which you are so bold, and so faithfully advocating.

I know not whether "The Native American" was expected or intended at its origination to oppose or sustain either of the present parties in the United States; if it were, I did not so understand it; but I grieve to say, the tone and manner frequently adopted in that print, may justly lead us to suspect that it stands arrayed against the Democratic Party, and against the present Administration.

Were Native Americans in the United States permitted to differ from one another, without the interference of a third Party, then might we, if we pleased, "agree to disagree" to any extent; but when our conscientious discrepancies of opinion are to divide us, that a foreign enemy may step in between us and "ride rough shod" over both parties, then I think that a print dedicated to the preservation of our rights, and the purification of our desecrated altars, should not deal in animadversions on either of the great American political parties of the day.

I have the honor of being a humble member of the Democratic Party in the United States, and my opinions are, if I know my heart, based upon the conviction, that equal rights are the just prerogatives of native born American citizens; but I am far, very far, from thinking, that every foreigner who comes voluntarily, or is transported to our shores, and who spends five years in riotous and turbulent violations of those just and equitable laws, which were formerly sufficient to govern the American People; but which, in latter times, (since hundreds and thousands of foreign ruffians have been permitted to affiliate with us,) are perpetually set aside for *Lynch law*—an anarchical foreign phrase, whose very sound smacks strongly of Hibernian origin. I say, I am far from thinking, that such as these should enjoy equal rights, immunities and privileges with the native children of the soil, or stand on an equal political footing with the native members of the Democratic Party; and I am far from being alone (as one of that Party) in this opinion.

If the leaders of the Democratic Party have seen fit to adopt into their ranks a vacillating and unprincipled mass of foreign "Lazarons," many of whom have probably been disemboweled from every transatlantic prison and penitentiary, they alone will have to rue it; and bitterly, too, so far as party elevation is concerned. But why should the whole Democratic Party be assailed for the errors of their leading men?

I have long since forewarned the Democratic Party of this city and State, (New Orleans and Louisiana,) that the tenure by which they held the trained band of foreign mercenaries, who would throw up their caps and hurrah for "Patrick Mick Buren," would prove precarious. That these wretched tools, the majority of whom were utterly destitute of principle or patriotism, and, indeed, who hardly understood the meaning of the terms, and who voted without one gleam of reason or reflection, but were merely influenced by selfish and base considerations, and a belief, that they would enjoy a greater opportunity for jacobinical licentiousness by identifying themselves with the Democratic Party; I say I have often warned them that these degrading appendages would at some future period eventually prove the ruin of our Party. And have they not already almost consummated our destruction? Already have thousands of the purest Native American Patriots—men who would lay down their lives for their country in lingering torments—from principle (and not under the influence of whiskey and an hurrah!)—already, I say, have thousands of our best citizens abandoned the Democratic ranks because they could not and would not condescend to be identified with all the scum and offal which Europe can void upon our shores.

Already have foreign citizens, (unwisely and unwarrantably permitted to interfere with the institutions of our land) by their latitudinarian, or rather their levelling and agrarian theories, and anarchical projects, startled the apprehensions and awakened the fears of every true patriot for the permanency of our republican form of government, and by the adoption of an odious foreign appellation, "*Loco Peco*," almost expunged the venerable name of Democracy from our national nomenclature.

And was it reasonably to be expected when the day of trial came, that the principles which they professed, and hurrah'd for, would induce them to compromise or jeopardise their own interests? No! The moment they had begun to suspect that the Democratic Party was struggling for existence, that moment they (as was to have been expected) abandoned it, and many are now its most violent opponents in this city. Indeed I conscientiously believe that a large portion of the strange and incomprehensible changes in public opinion which have recently agitated and astonished the People of the United States, may be attributed to the sudden and unexpected abandonment of the Democracy by those gangs of naturalized citizens who are bound to no American party by any tie save that of base and unprincipled selfishness and cupidity.

Then, sir, in the name of that patriotism which I know animates you, I conjure you not to alienate from our holy Native American cause, those members of the Democratic Party (and they constitute a formidable host), who go with us in sentiments on this momentous subject.

The time must arrive when there will be but two Parties in the United States, Native American and Foreign; should the latter not be prostrated in our day and generation, fearful will be the struggle for our posterity, and bitter their maledictions upon the memories of those who have gone before them and transmitted to them such a calamitous legacy.

Already foreigners hold the balance of power in this country, and can elevate or prostrate any candidate for the Presidential chair by throwing their organized masses into the scale. The more corrupt the candidate for the Presidency is, the more likely he will be to hold out inducements to foreigners, to obtain their votes, and therefore the more certain he is to be successful. Such a contemplation of this subject is truly appalling.

But whenever we address ourselves to the Democratic Party on this subject, we are silenced

by the declaration, that were they to discard these eleemosynary tools, they would be taken up and used by the other party. Is there no remedy for this suspicion? Yes! Let us make a solemn oath—let us, like Hamlet, swear our children at the altar of our country, that we will not politically consort nor affiliate with foreigners—that we will not sanction their interference with our institutions, nor their appearance at our polls—let us make them a political "tertium quid"—a third party, or rather a second party, in our national action—that we will to one another concede every dissentient opinion or question, until a law shall be enacted by Congress, abrogating now and forever, all *naturalization of foreigners*; and affixing a tax of \$ on every foreigner who shall come to the United States to reside, or who shall remain more than one year in any of our cities.

Then we will at least get good citizens, and be preserved from the hordes of Goths and Vandals who now desecrate our fair and otherwise happy land. More anon.

A DEMOCRAT.

[COMMUNICATED.]

(Written for "The Native American.")

THE VISION.

Extract from the auto-biography of "H."

I was one day writing in my study on some important subject, when on casting my eyes around, as if on vacancy, to collect my scattered thoughts, they were met by an object which made me start. At a table covered with writing materials, sat an individual, holding a pen in his hand, who, though, in exterior appearance, he was remarkably handsome, too deeply showed that he had experienced trouble. This was by no means the first time that I had seen the intruder; but his occupation and expressiveness of countenance so clearly pictured sorrow and contrition, not untinctured with pride, that it was for the first time I had particularly noticed him. He was in an abstract, and his eyes rested on mine; so, to evade his gaze, I turned to my table and discovered that he was engaged in writing. Curious to know what could be the cause of his melancholy appearance, I determined to read the few lines he had written, but upon the first glance, I stopped short, struck with the coincidence between my own and his occupation. My piece was headed "History of one's self," and what should his be, but the same! Yes, reader, I was one of those beings, who, determined to spend life in pleasure, had well nigh run it through in misery. With a haughty and spirited disposition, I had driven off all my friends, and was now left to contend for myself. But such was my disposition, that I would have contracted or diminished every thing on earth (if that power were granted me), rather than my difficulties should be exposed. So (to shorten my story) I hurried off to the mountains, and became a hermit. I detested the name, but no one knew that I bore it. I say, reader, I became a hermit, and was writing down the results of my proud course ("History of one's self"), that some one like me, might learn a lesson. It may hence be concluded, that I loaned no belief to apparitions, nor had any fear of those "figures of the fancy," denominated "spirits." No, dear reader, I will simply tell you that I was no such fool. But, to return to my room. I had also noticed that on my raising my eyes from his writing, he was just withdrawing his gaze from mine. Again I started at the resemblance, and wondered who he was. "Who are you," cried I, "thus to disturb my solitude?" On my first beginning, I observed that his lips also moved, as if he essayed to speak, and I stopped to hear him, but he ceased also. Enduring his mysterious insolence no longer, I arose and seized my chair, to hurl it at his head, when—good heavens!—he followed my example, and levelled his at mine. But, reader, the mystery lasted no longer. My senses were not so far gone, that I could not solve it. I will now resume my history, simply telling you that my friend (or rather enemy), the "apparition," was hid behind a large mirror hanging in the room, and that he also bore the name of—"J. W. H."

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.

From the New York Daily Whig.

ATHENIA OF DAMASCUS.

A TRAGEDY; BY REFUS DAWES, Esq.

We attended the Literary Conversation on Monday Evening, and listened to the exquisite play of Mr. Dawes. As Mr. D. was but lately connected with us in the Daily Whig, and is still our intimate friend, we felt a delicacy in noticing his production until others had passed their opinions, lest our views should have been deemed partial. The press generally have come out warmly in his favor, and we can no longer omit our verdict. It is highly poetic—the characters are powerfully drawn and maintained—the plot is engrossing, and the interest most thrilling. We fully agree with the opinion of the Star given below.

THE NEW TRAGEDY.—The novelty of first reading a dramatic composition before an assembly of critics ere it is presented to the public, took place at a literary conversation last Monday evening in the New York University. Among those invited and present were the Mayor, Generals Sanford and Morris, Messrs. John O. Sargeant, Epes Sargeant, Paterson, S. J. Burr, Greenville Mellen, F. Halleck, J. and E. Brooks, Jenks Smith, Inman, the Agates, A. J. Davis, Doctors Townsend, Francis, Doane, &c. After viewing the splendid folios and architectural drawings, and preparing the mind for "a feast of soul," the company yielded the efforts of the pencil, to listen to those of the more poetic pen. Previous to the reading, Mr. George Jones briefly stated the object of first placing the tragedy before so critical an audience, viz: "That if it did not receive their approval, the piece was unworthy of a generous public; and that if it should be honored with their free approbation, he would have great pleasure in announcing the author's name." The tragedian then read in an expressive style the new composition, bearing the expressive title of "ATHENIA OF DAMASCUS."

It is, we learn, a beautiful production—classical, yet original; the imagery and metaphors are of the finest character, while the diction generally is of the most elevated description. The plot is of thrilling interest, yet, at the same time, within the range of the ancient unities. This is a great triumph of the distinguished author, that he has preserved the unities, and yet so much of the *arcanum* of dramatic effect. We are told that the glowing character of Athenia, written for Mrs. George Jones, is equal in power to that of Bianca Fazio, in which this actress made so eminent a debut; and we know of no last scene of the drama, equal to that of the new Tragedy now under consideration. As a poetical production it is polished in the highest degree, the author having been

engaged at different periods for nearly five years upon the subject, and should to-morrow be his death, he has left a noble monument to his memory, and a bright laurel to the literature of his country. After the reading, Mr. Jones announced that the successful author was Mr. Rufus Dawes. We are promised some extracts, which we shall take great pleasure in placing before our readers.

Passage through the Rocky Mountains.—The journal of an exploring tour through the Rocky Mountains by the Rev. Samuel Parker, gives the following curious account of a broad defile through these mountains, which affords a commodious and easy passage from the country lying east of this great range to the territory on the coast of the Pacific.

"The passage through these mountains is in a valley, so gradual in the ascent and descent that I should not have known we were passing them, had it not been that as we advanced the atmosphere gradually became cooler, and at length we found the perpetual snows upon our right hand and upon our left elevated many thousand feet above us—in some places ten thousand. The highest parts of these mountains are found by measurement to be eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. This valley was not discovered until some years since.

"Mr. Hunt and his party, more than twenty years ago, went near it, but did not find it, though in search of some favorable passage. It varies in width from five to twenty miles, and, following its course, the distance through the mountains is about eighty miles, or four days' journey. Though there are some elevations and depressions in this valley, yet comparatively speaking it is level. There would be no difficulty in the way of constructing a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and probably the time may not be very far distant when trips will be made across the continent, as they have been made to Niagara Falls, to see nature's wonders.

—Western Constellation.

Repelling of Insects.—Taking the earth away from the roots of trees, and returning back earth mixed with a small quantity of sulphur, will keep insects from ascending the trees. Other repellants of insects may answer the purpose of one spring, such as quicklime, fine salt, old urine, strong soapuds, a strong decoction of tobacco, onions, &c.—Farmer's Assistant.

From the United States Gazette of July.

RESUMPTION.

By the following article it will be perceived, that the banks of nine States, including Virginia, represented in the Convention at Philadelphia on the 21st instant, have decided on the important measure of resuming specie payments on the 13th of August.

PHILADELPHIA BANK CONVENTION. Agreeably to arrangements, the delegates from Banks assembled yesterday at noon, in the Hall of the Pennsylvania Bank.

John B. Morris, Esq. President of the Mechanics Bank of Baltimore, was elected President of the Convention, and Elihu Chauncey, Esq., of this city, Secretary.

Banks from the following named States were either represented by delegates, or pledged themselves by letters to abide the decision of the Convention:

Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri.

The following resolution was proposed and adopted unanimously:

Resolved, That the Banks represented in this Convention will resume specie payments on the 13th August next, and recommend that day for the adoption of the Banks generally.

One or two representatives thought that the ninth would be a better day, though the why was not stated. The THIRTEENTH day of August is then fixed on as that for resuming specie payments—the day designated by Governor Ritner in his message. We congratulate our fellow citizens upon this result, and hail it as the dawn of a new era in business.

From the Columbus (Ohio) Journal.

NEXT CONGRESS.

A new Congress will be chosen before this time next year. The People will watch the progress of the Congressional elections during this and the coming year, with an eagerness sharpened by anxiety. To aid our readers in arriving at a proper understanding of the loss and gain of parties, we have prepared the following table. It would be well to preserve it for future reference.

Elections to be held for members of Congress during the year 1838, with a statement of the politics of the representation in the present Congress:

	July—1st Monday, (past.)	August—1st Monday.	September—1st Tuesday.	September—2d Monday.	October—1st Monday.	October—1st Monday.	October—2d Monday.	October—2d Tuesday.	November—1st Monday.	November—2d Monday.	November—2d Tuesday.
Louisiana,	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Illinois,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Missouri,	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Vermont,	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Maine,	4	3	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Georgia,	5	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Arkansas,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
South Carolina,	6	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Pennsylvania,	17	11	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Ohio,	7	11	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
New York,	26	10	4	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Massachusetts,	1	10	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Delaware,	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
	73	61	12								

Requisites for going to Law.—A good purse, good cause, a good attorney, a good counsel, good evidence, a good jury, and good luck.

Com. DAVID PORTER, the United States Charge d'Affaires at the Turkish Court, and his two sons, arrived at Boston on the 7th instant.

FROM UPPER CANADA.

From the Toronto Patriot, July 13.

Thirty-four of the State prisoners who have confessed their guilt, and thrown themselves on the mercy of the Government, will leave this day in the William IV. for Kingston. Seventeen of them are sentenced to three years' hard labor in the penitentiary, at the end of which term they are bound to expatriate themselves forever. The other seventeen are sent for safe-keeping in Fort Henry, or such other place as the commander of the forces may think proper, till her Majesty's pleasure respecting them can be known. The seventeen sentenced to hard labor seem the most ignorant and misguided of the lot. Of course it is expected the sentence of the remainder will be more severe. Two were discharged, yesterday pardoned, viz: W. G. Edmonston, grandson of the late Col. Graham, and Charles Low a captain of rebels. Some strong circumstances it is understood appeared in evidence to induce the Executive to extend pardon to these men. About a third of the number claim to be Americans.

CHILDHOOD.

Childhood is like the laughing hours
Of early spring—
The very cloud that o'er it lowers
A charm can bring;
For, like an April sky,
A shower, a sunny ray,
So the bright tear in childhood's eye
A smile can chase away.

But even whilst we gaze
Those early days are gone,
And soon the glowing rays
Of summer hasten on;
The bud hath opened to the flower,
The boy to manhood sprung,
And from his heart sin's darkening power
Its bitterness hath wrung.

He dreams that he can win from fame
An honored, deathless name;
And following glory's banners bright,
He finds an early grave;
But memory enshrines in night
The last hope of the brave.

He is forgotten—o'er his bier
No nation's tears are shed;
Naught save a widowed mother's tear,
Laments the hero dead.

The poet strikes his lute—
Sweet thrill its golden strings;
But public praise is mute—
His lay no rapture brings.

And mournfully his heart
Echoes its tender tone,
His airy dreams depart,
His hope of fame has flown.

Like an expanded flower,
Whose leaves fall one by one,
Hope fades beneath disappointment's power,
Till manhood's prime is gone.

And age, like autumn, chill and sere,
Scatters each fading leaf,
Till not one flower remains to cheer
The path of life so sadly drear,
And yet so brief—
'Till all the weary heart would crave
Is but a rest from woes—
The coming winter of the grave
Its snow around him throws—
And ever thus, from youth to age,
Man treads his weary pilgrimage.

A BRAVE OLD OAK.—In a recent interview with the Hon. John Quincy Adams, he addressed his visitors in the following language: "I am a member, in full communion, of the Congregational church of Quincy. Henry Adams, my ancestor, emigrated from England in 1634, and was one of the founders of this church in 1639. His son Joseph, was long a member of the same church, and died in 1694, aged 63. His son Joseph, was also a member, and died in 1739, aged 82. His son John, my grandfather, was also a member and a deacon in this church, and died in 1760, aged 68 years. My father was long a member, and died, as you will remember, in 1826, at the age of 91. On my father's decease, I joined the same church. I had not joined before, as I was most of the time absent from home; but God has long been my hope, and now as I am about to die, I have a calm and cheerful hope, of joining my ancestors in a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens."—Quincy Patriot.

A Relick.—A lad dug up a few days since, on the site of old Fort Schuyler, in this city, a brass button, of the size of a half dollar, which, from various inscriptions and devices upon it, appears to have ornamented the dress of some staunch adherent of General Washington. In the centre are the letters "G. W." encircled by the loyal words "Long live the President," and surrounding the whole is a chain of thirteen links, emblematic of union, in each of which is the initial letter of one of the old States. The impressions are very neatly and distinctly made; and though nothing but a button, it is an interesting memorial of the olden time, which would be prized by any collector of antiquities.—Utica Obsr.

The Official paper states that the Secretary of the Navy, as well as the Secretary of War, accompanied the President of the United States in his visit to Norfolk, and that the object of the President's visit to Norfolk is "to examine the condition of the crews and ships which will sail about the 10th of this month on the Exploring Expedition."—Nat. Int.

Terrific Explosion.—The powder magazine at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, which was situated in the middle of the burying ground, nearly in the centre of the village, was exploded on Thursday week, at night. Nearly every building within five hundred yards was more or less injured. The house of Mr. N. Strong, about five rods from the burying ground, suffered damage to the amount of \$500. The large brick school house had its sashes, windows and doors driven in. The neighboring fences were prostrated—bricks driven through the walls—stones of 300 lbs. weight were carried from fifty to sixty yards. The churches, town-house, and medical institution, were all injured, the latter irreparably. The practice of firing squibs and cannon has become very common among the village boys, and this accident has been attributed to some such cause.

From the Lexington (Ky) Intelligencer.

We learn that Peter W. Grayson, Esq. of Texas, committed suicide at Bean's Station last week, by shooting himself with a pistol through the head. Mr. Grayson was on his way from Texas to Washington City, having received and accepted from the Government of Texas, the appointment of Minister Plenipotentiary to the Government of the United States. The act, we learn, was committed with much deliberation. Mr. G. was a native of Kentucky, and is well known to many of our citizens.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, At Niblo's Garden, No. 576, Broadway.

THIS celebration of American Industry and the Arts will be opened to visitors on Monday, the 15th day of October next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Articles intended for competition for Premiums must be delivered on Friday or Saturday previous, viz: the 12th or 13th of October. Choice productions from every department of Industry, whether of Agriculture, Manufactures, or the Arts, as well as all kinds of Machines, Models, &c., will be appropriate for exhibition and competition for Premium.

To provide the requisite accommodations for the grand display which the notices already received decidedly indicate, Niblo's entire Garden has been engaged, embracing a part of the promenade, never before occupied by the Institute, with extra room one hundred feet in length and twenty-five in width. A powerful steam engine will be provided, which will afford a continued moving exhibition of machinery. The liberality of the Public enabled the managers of the last two fairs to bestow in Premiums, exclusive of Diplomas, sixty Gold Medals, and two hundred and sixty Silver Medals, in addition to other not inconsiderable rewards in money.

Prompted by a desire to increase the interest awakened in agriculture, particularly in the culture of silk, a number of patriotic individuals have volunteered to add to the means of the present managers, in order to enable them to extend more liberal bounties, and promote among the Silk Culturists of our country a fresh spirit of emulation. This laudable example we hope the opulent and public spirited, who take an interest in other departments of productive industry will follow by associating and contributing with similar high-minded motives.

The enthusiasm with which former celebrations have been hailed, and the cheering influences already inspired by the approaching one, notwithstanding all our severe business calamities, confer on them a character and value never before adequately appreciated. By means of these fairs, necessity, instead of depressing invention, has brought forth its mighty powers, and is developing its unbounded resources.

Articles sold during the Fair cannot be delivered until the close; and in order to enlarge the amount of sales and bring to fabricators and producers immediate benefits, it is particularly desired that a description should accompany each article, stating the price, by whom manufactured, designating particularly the place where they may be obtained. The uses and objects of each article, if not apparent, should also be stated; such a description will facilitate the distribution of printed catalogues early in the first week of the Fair, and will no doubt swell the amount of sales.

The public are invited to attend this Anniversary Celebration. Distinguished individuals, it is hoped, will be present, countenancing and inspiring as usual. Female delicacy, taste, and ingenuity, have never failed to impart a crowning effect; and we trust they will, on the coming occasion, more than ever command admiration.

Editors will oblige the Institute by giving the above one or more gratuitous insertions.

Managers for the City of New York.

Thaddeus B. Wakeman,	George Bacon,
Adoniram Chandler,	Joseph Titcomb,
Martin E. Thompson,	Jared L. Moore,
Charles H. Hall,	John D. Ward,
W. P. Dissoaway,	F. Van Morden,
John Sampson,	Frederick Goodell,
E. T. Backhouse,	H. M. Graham,
Timothy Dewey,	J. Prescott Hall,
E. D. Plimpton,	Joseph Cowden,
Baldwin Gardner,	Edwin Williams,
James Hamilton,	H. Kelly,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Albany.

Poughkeepsie.

Newark, N. J.

Hartford, Conn.

Norwich, Conn.

For further particulars address T. B. Wakeman, Cor. Sec'y, at the Repository of the American Institute, 187 Broadway, where specimens of manufactures, models, machines, &c. are received free of expense, and exhibited daily. The Journal of the American Institute is published at the same place, monthly. Aug. 4-2t

Recommended by the Medical Faculty.

FLODORADO HOWARD'S Improved Compound FLUID EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA

FOR THE CURE OF
Scrofula or Kings Evil, Obsolete eruptions of the skin,
Chronic Rheumatism, Syphilitic and Mercurial Diseases,
Ulcerous Sores, Pains in the Bones, General Debility,
And all diseases requiring the aid of purgative medicines.
This Extract is prepared from an improved formula, sanctioned by scientific Physicians and Pharmacologists, and is decidedly one of the most active, efficacious, and convenient preparations in use.

Mercury is added only when regularly prescribed. It should be used, where circumstances will admit, under the guidance and direction of a physician.

Carefully prepared and sold only at my Pharmacy.

Also for sale at most of the Drug Stores in Washington City, Baltimore, and throughout the United States.

The following Select Medicines and miscellaneous articles are also prepared and sold as above:

HOWARD'S TONIC MIXTURE, warranted a cure for fever and ague.

HOWARD'S COMPOUND OF SARSAPARILLA, CUBES, AND COPAIBA, for the cure of Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, &c. HOWARD'S VENEREAL, a safe and effectual worm-destroying medicine.

HOWARD'S CATHARTIC PILLS, without mercury.

HOWARD'S COMPOUND KECOSOTE TOOTH ACHE DROPS.

HOWARD'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF CARRAGEEN, a safe, simple, agreeable, and effectual remedy for coughs, colds, asthma, &c.

HOWARD'S COMPOUND KECOSOTE TOOTH WASH, for arresting and preventing decay in teeth, and for diseases of the gums; an agreeable and pleasant wash for preserving them in a healthy condition.

HOWARD'S KECOSOTE TOOTH PASTE.

DR. WISTAR'S COUGH LOZENGES, celebrated for the cure of coughs, colds, &c.

HOWARD'S INDELBLE INK.

HOWARD'S IMPROVED CHEMICAL CHLORIDE SOAP.

HOWARD'S CHEMICAL SHAVE COMPOUND.

HOWARD'S SUPERIOR TOILET SOAP.

HOWARD'S CHEMICAL ESSENCE OF SOAP, for removing grease, paint, tar, &c. from wearing apparel.

HOWARD'S CHRISTAL CEMENT, for mending broken glass, china, earthenware, &c.

HOWARD'S ISSUE OINTMENT, for keeping open issues and blisters.

HOWARD'S MAGNOLIA EXTRACT, a delicate and delicious perfume for the toilet.

HOWARD'S SUPERIOR COLOGNE WATER.

HOWARD'S FLORIDE WATER.

HOWARD'S LAVENDER WATER.

HOWARD'S HONEY WATER.

HOWARD'S SUPERIOR TOOTH POWDER.

April 14.

COLLECTOR'S OFFICE,

CITY HALL, JUNE 29, 1838.

CITY TAXES.

NOTICE TO DELINQUENTS, RESIDENT AND NON-RESIDENT.—In conformity to law, notice is hereby given to all persons whose taxes are in arrears, that, unless payment be made at this office within sixty days from the date hereof, the collection will, at the expiration of that time, be enforced by sale of the real property, or of any personal effects that may be found on the premises.

July 14-2m

A. ROTHWELL, City Collector.

NOTICE.—J. PERKINS, House, Sign, and Ornamental Painter, has removed from his old stand to one door east of the National Hotel, Pennsylvania Avenue, where he will be pleased to attend to those who may favor him with their custom. He has employed experienced hands to do Burnish Gilt Looking Glasses, Picture Frames, &c., in fashionable superior style and workmanship. Old frames regilt, as new; new; all of which will be supplied to order, at lower prices than can be procured elsewhere.